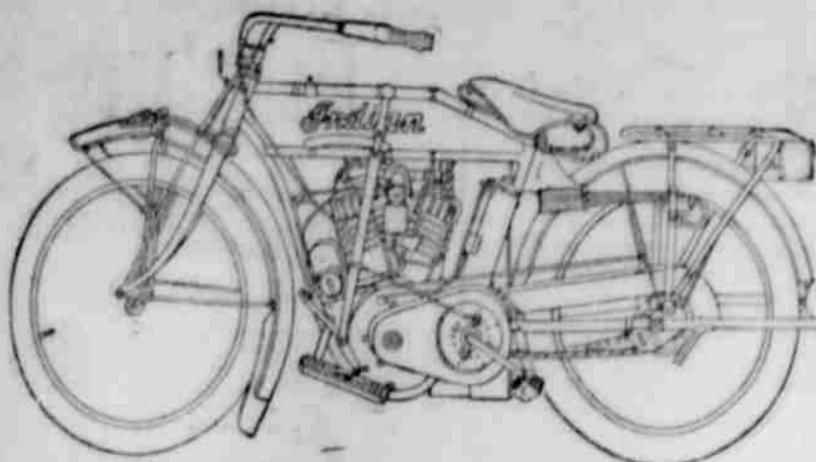


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TRIAL IN KNABE CASE GOES OVER

SET FOR MONDAY, BUT WILL BE CONTINUED TO FALL TERM OF COURT.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 21.—The trial of Dr. William B. Craig, of this city, and of A. M. Ragsdale, an undertaker, upon the charge of having murdered Dr. Helen Knabe in October, 1911, has been set for next Monday, but, as the trial is expected to be quite lengthy and it was considered undesirable to carry it through the hot summer months, the agreement is said to have been reached to let the case go over until some time in the Fall. The trial promises to be one of the most interesting and sensational ever heard in Indianapolis and will undoubtedly attract countrywide attention.

The death by murder of Dr. Helen Knabe on the night of October, 23, 1911, was one of the most mysterious cases in the criminal history of this city, and in the minds of many persons, who firmly believe in the innocence of the accused men, is still an unsolved mystery. The victim of the crime, Dr. Helen Knabe, was about thirty-five years at the time of her death, unusually attractive, and highly respected for her excellent character and her scientific attainments. She was born in Germany, as the daughter of a civil engineer in the German army. She had received a good education in her fatherland and came to the United States to satisfy her ambition to become a doctor. She graduated from the Indiana College of Medicine and continued her studies even after she had established herself in this city as a regular practitioner. Besides attending to her steadily growing practice, Dr. Knabe delivered lectures on pathology at several colleges, including the Indiana Veterinary College, of which Dr. Craig, the principal defendant in the coming trial is dean. For several years she was State bacteriologist, but she resigned this position a short time before her death to give more time to her practice and studies. She had a wide circle of acquaintances but only few intimate friends and, it is believed, no enemies.

Dr. Knabe lived and had her office on the first floor of an apartment house located on a busy street corner. The apartment occupied by Dr. Knabe was in the corner of the building and had windows to both streets. She lived alone, not employing an office girl, Katherine McPherson, who came in the morning and attended to the work in the living room and the office during the day, leaving from her own home early in the evening. When Miss McPherson came to Dr. Knabe's apartment on the morning of October 24, 1911, she found all windows closed, contrary to the habit of her employer who believed in a plentiful supply of fresh air. Dr. Knabe was on her bed dressed only in her night gown, which was rolled up under her arms, leaving her body naked. Her throat had been cut by a powerful slash, but no knife or other weapon could be found and there were only a few traces of blood upon the bed and upon her body. Miss McPherson called physicians but they could only establish the fact that Dr. Knabe had died several hours before as a result of the wound in her throat.

The authorities were notified and the police made a careful investigation, without being able to find any clue that would throw the faintest light upon the mystery of the case. Notwithstanding the fact that no weapon could be found in the apartment and the even more baffling absence of blood upon the bed covers or in any part of the room where the body was found, the police in the end advanced the absurd theory that Dr. Knabe had committed suicide and abandoned further investigation.

Immediately after the discovery of the crime Jefferson Hayes, the colored janitor of the apartment house and several members of his family were arrested, but there was no evidence to connect them with the murderer and they were finally discharged from custody.

After the police had given up the investigation, the Indianapolis Council of Women, composed of some of the most prominent women in Indiana, undertook to solve the mystery. They employed H. C. Webster, a private detective to hunt the murderer. It was upon the findings of his investigation that the grand jury issued the indictment found on December 1, 1912, against Dr. William B. Craig as principal and Alonzo M. Ragsdale as accessory to the crime. It was shown to the grand jury that Dr. Craig and Dr. Knabe had been intimate friends for a long time and that Dr. Knabe insisted that Craig marry her. It was also shown that on the evening before her death, Dr. Knabe had visited the Craig home. It was also pointed out that the person who committed the murder was a person thoroughly familiar with human anatomy. Dr. Craig has been at liberty under \$15,000 bail.

Evidently John Wasn't Foxy. John Fox never named any of his heroines Fritzi; and now he probably knows the reason why.—St. Louis Times.

AMUSEMENTS

Mary Stuart, in Historical Drama at Deandi Theatre Monday.

The beautiful and much loved Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, is one of the most unfortunate and pathetic characters in history. Born in Scotland, educated at the court of Francis II of France whom she marries at fifteen, Queen of France at sixteen, a widow at seventeen, becoming her reign as Scotland's Queen at eighteen, married to Darnley of the Royal Blood at nineteen—her life began amid turmoil and disaster.

Her husband, Lord Darnley, after their marriage proves himself a vicious braggart and coxcomb, is intensely jealous of Riccio, Mary's favorite singer and secretary. One night as Riccio sings to the Queen, Darnley and his band of eight hawks await at the foot of the narrow staircase for the singer. Hush, he approaches! Down the staircase he comes full of youth and love. Darnley's hand shoots out of the shadow and Darnley's dagger finds Riccio's heart.

Such martial occasions, together with political fictions and religious contentions, cause Scotland to rise in arms, and the Queen in jeopardy of life and without followers, accepts the offered hospitality of England's Queen, Elizabeth, who extends Mary an invitation to sojourn at Kenilworth, only to find herself trapped, a prisoner, by Elizabeth, who really fears not only the Scottish Queen's beauty and power but her legal birth rights to the English crown. Elizabeth, not daring to openly execute her royal sister, tries secretly to effect her assassination but in vain, owing to the loyalty of Mary's servants.

A charge of treason is then brought against her by the English crown. She is found guilty, and sentenced to the block. Pending the signing of the death warrant by Queen Elizabeth attempts to rescue her are made one by a gallant and loving Englishman, Sir Edward Mortimer, but these only result in failure of plans, frustrated attempts on Elizabeth's life, and deeper confinement and unhappiness for Mary. In a meeting between the two Queens, effected after much planning, Elizabeth taunts Mary whose proud spirit rebels and bursts forth in denunciations. After this disastrous interview and at the urging of Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, Elizabeth signs the death warrant and the martyr Queen is led to public execution. The Earl of Leicester was evidently in love with Mary but, fearing for his safety deserts her when the crisis comes.

There is a white-haired old man who follows her, with breaking heart, the sexton and a gray-haired old woman bowed down by weeping—these, her nurse and her physician, the remnants of her faithful followers. She mounts the scaffold, the charges of treason are read to the curious, hungry crowd watching. Oh, the anguish on the Queen's lips face of those false accusations! She forgives the headsmen offers a prayer for her two trusting soul, and bates her white neck to the axe. This ladies on Leicester bowed with grief and remorse on the stairs, which Mary had just ascended on her way to the scaffold.

The Vengeance of Heaven At Virginia Theatre Monday, Carl Dian, engaged to pretty Anne Halliday, deserts her almost on the eve of their wedding, to run away with Grace, the village belle. This blow breaks the girl's heart and she dies, leaving her aged father vowing that before he, too, is taken, he will avenge his daughter's death.

He takes his revolver and follows Carl into the woods. He fires at the young man and the bullet whizzes by just over Carl's head. He lodges in a tree hardly five feet away. The exertion is too much for the old man and he dies.

Some time later, Carl, as landlord of some poor cottages, is about to eject a tenant who is unable to pay. This man has an ailing wife and for her sake, pleads with Carl. Carl refuses—angry words follow—which are overheard by the servants and the tenant is ejected from Carl's home.

Carl, while walking through the woods, is in hand decides to cut down an old tree. But the bark is tough and does not yield to his axe. He places a stick of dynamite in the trunk and the explosion tears the bullet in the tree straight to Carl's heart—the target it was aimed at so long ago by the old man.

Carl's body is found and the poor tenant arrested on suspicion. His lawyer from New York, working on the ground of the supposed crime—discovers what really happened. He arranges a demonstration and before judge and jury and townspeople he enacts again the tragedy of the exploded tree with its hidden bullet, showing how the vengeance of Heaven was satisfied at last.

This, of course, clears the poor man, who is given a chance in life and his wife started on the road to recovery.

Glenwood Park

Captain Scoschere of Madagascar, arrived in Amarillo Saturday evening and will exhibit at Glenwood Electric Park Sunday afternoon and evening, also the balance of the week. Hajah, an abnormal strange being from the lowlands of Abyssinia Africa, who was brought to this country



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"It is almost an presumption to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything."—Phillips Brooks.

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"Do you like my execution on the piano?" "I must say I would have to describe it as an execution for killing time."

Keep Your House Clean; save your rugs and carpets

DENVER IN GALA ATTIRE
FOR AMERICAN TURNFEST

By Associated Press
DENVER, Colo., June 21.—Early arrivals for the thirty-first North American turnfest greatly exceed previous estimates. The local committee is enlarging entertainment plan fifty per cent. The new stadium for drills and the tournament was dedicated today and the city is in gala attire for the visitors.

Suicide by Dynamite. A workman, determining to commit suicide, placed a stick of dynamite inside his clothes and exploded it. He succeeded only in being horribly burned. A second attempt was equally abortive. Then he dragged him self home and got more dynamite, and went into a nearby field and placed a stick in his mouth and blew it to pieces.

Judice of Noted Church LONDON, Eng., June 21.—St. Alpheus' Church, which occupies the site in Brook street of the thieves' kitchen described by Dickens in "Oliver Twist," will hold elaborate services tomorrow in celebration of the completion of its first half century of existence. Since its foundation fifty years ago the church has had the faithful "Father" Stanton watching over its destinies.

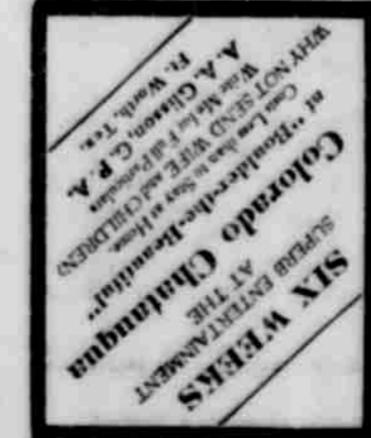
Left Art Works to Country. Detmille, the French military painter, desired, like the English artist Turner, that his country should possess his paintings, and such of his pictures as he possessed at the time of his death are to become public property. His house, containing his collection of uniforms, weapons, etc., is devoted to the purposes of a museum.

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June 14	\$16.00
June 16	\$16.00
June 17	\$16.00
June 18	\$16.00
June 19	\$16.00
June 20	\$16.00
June 22	\$17.00
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June 24	\$15.00
June 25	\$14.00
June 26	\$13.00
June 27	\$12.00
June 29	\$11.00
June 30	\$10.00

Every day the price of this Vacuum Cleaner is reduced \$1.00 until sold. Don't wait too long or you will be disappointed.



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